

# The Mirror

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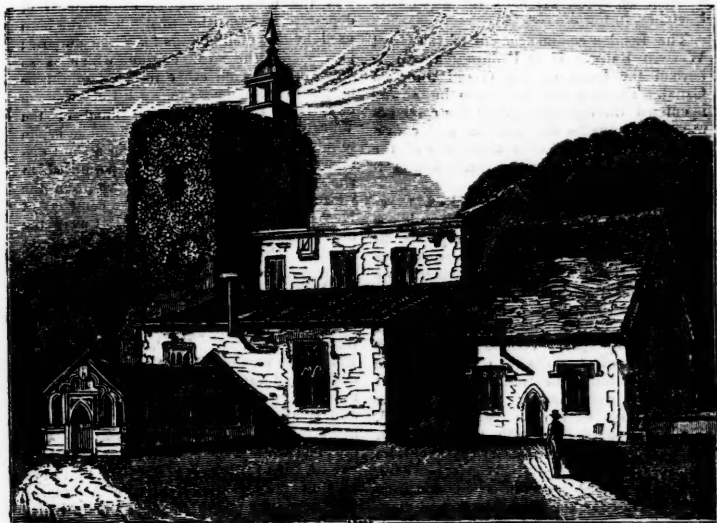
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1838.

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## Railway Sketches.

### GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

PADDINGTON TO WEST DRAYTON.



(West Drayton Church.)



(Gateway, West Drayton.)

## GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

*From Paddington to Drayton.*

MR. EDITOR:—I have been Steaming on the Great Western Railway, having been invited by your friend Lloyd, the antiquary, to accompany him on an exploring expedition to the village of West Drayton; and if you think a full, true, and particular account of the excursion will be pleasing to your numerous readers, you have our gracious permission to insert it, with the illustrative Sketches, in the *Mirror*.

The London commencement of the Great Western Railway is at Paddington, a little beyond the basin of the Grand Junction Canal. The new road leading to the railway is entered through iron gates; the carriage-way and footpaths are spacious and convenient; the sloping banks at the side of the road are ornamented with shrubs and evergreens.

The buildings, containing offices, warehouses, &c. connected with the railroad, are neat and convenient. There are separate entrances and waiting-rooms for the passengers by the first and second-class carriages; we were among the latter. Upon paying our fare, the clerk handed us a printed receipt, and we were conducted by an attendant to a large covered space, containing the commencement of the railway, upon which the carriages forming the train upon the point of starting were placed: the floor of the platform upon which the passengers stand, is nearly upon a level with the bottom of the carriages, so that persons can step from one to the other with the greatest ease. The train consisted of four open, and nine close, carriages; the open, or second class carriages, are each divided into three compartments, each of which will accommodate twelve passengers, seated opposite each other; thus, an open carriage will, without being crowded, convey thirty-six persons; the first-class carriages are, in form and appearance, like the body of a stage-coach, but considerably larger. The attendants are numerous; they are dressed in green, edged with red; the conductors of the train are distinguished by frock coats and broad black belts passing over the shoulder, ornamented with chased gilt buckles. The superintendent had the appearance of a military officer, in a blue frock coat.

The utmost attention was paid to the passengers, who were conducted to their seats according to the distance they were going on the road. There was no bustle or confusion; the attendants of every grade were civil and attentive, nor did they annoy the passengers by impudently applying for money, so generally practised by all persons connected with stage coaches.

When the passengers were seated, and

the doors of the carriages properly secured, the engine, called the Vulcan, with its attendant carriages, containing coal and water, were attached to the train. The moving mass, glittering with its polished brazen appurtenances, seemed to pant with eagerness for its career on the road. At length the important words—all right!—were pronounced; the Vulcan responded by a yell of delight, so loud and shrill, that for a moment it spread general alarm; we afterwards found that it was the usual intimation of approach or departure, and was the substitute for the horn used by the mail guards for a like purpose; but, surely, the steam engine, which is so well trained in all other respects, might be taught to modulate its tone a little. We are off: forth from the murky throat of the Vulcan, "in dusky wreaths, the smoke began to roll;" we proceeded gently for a short distance, when the engine was permitted to show its speed. London receded from the view: we caught a glance of the cemetery at Kensal Green; the Campus Martius of the metropolis, Wormwood Scrubs, scene of many a bloody and bloodless battle, was scarcely approached but it was passed. Onward we flew, through the well-cultivated meads of the metropolitan county, the whole of which has the appearance of being the pleasure-ground of London. Acton and Ealing, the scene of Major Sturgeon's exploits, appear and vanish from our sight. We are now soaring in air, looking down upon fields and villages that seem spread beneath us like a map. Now on the Wharnccliffe Viaduct; beneath is the village of Hanwell: here we are presented with a complete bird's-eye view of the Middlesex Lunatic Asylum, a most extensive pile of buildings, plain in its architecture, yet grand from its magnitude; its halls, dormitories, workshops, courts, and gardens, are seen at a glance. Englishmen may well be proud of their country, that is studded with such glorious proofs of its beneficence and wealth. Away!—we cross the Uxbridge-road by an iron bridge; in a few minutes the scream of the Vulcan announces that we are approaching Drayton. The train stops, and the passengers for Drayton step from the carriage to the platform. A farewell scream from the engine, and the train whirled onward; ere we could descend from the platform to the road leading to the village, it was out of sight.

On entering the road leading to the more thickly inhabited part of the village of Drayton, we observed to the right a neat national school; it was the middle of the day, and the juvenile throng poured from the path which led to knowledge, showing by their joyous activity and vociferation their delight at being freed from restraint. A few cottages of the humblest description stood on the other side of the road; one of them was a beer-shop;

whence, even at this time of day, the stupid exclamation of rustic inebriety polluted the ear, blighting the idea of peaceful retirement which the scene, at first sight, is so calculated to inspire. Wending our way beneath the elms which shaded the road, we arrived at the village green, upon which geese, pigs, and donkeys were grazing with all the felicity of rural security; the green is surrounded by houses placed at irregular distances from each other, one of them was the Swan Inn, where refreshment was promised to man and beast. Here we agreed to lunch, preparatory to Lloyd's antiquarian researches; we were conducted to an upper apartment, appropriated to first-class guests, to use the rail-road distinction; here we found a little man about to commence the refreshment process; he was a fellow-passenger, with whom I had exchanged a word or two in our twenty-minutes' flight from London; he greeted us as old acquaintances. After we had sufficiently discussed the eatables set before us, and exhilarated the interior with a glass or two of sherry, our little friend became communicative. "I am a hatter, sir; my name is Stubbs, a wholesale hatter, sir," said he, addressing Lloyd. "A capital business, sir," rejoined the F.A.S., laughing at his own pun. "Yes, sir, here's my card; shall be happy to serve, that is, I mean, see you. Sink business for the day; came out for pleasure—that's my business now. Dull place this, though—been all over it already. Shall be happy to spend an hour or two with you till the train returns: how shall we pass our time?" "We are going to the church," said Lloyd. "O church—what, on a week-day—how odd, and for pleasure too,—odder and odder I going to be married, perhaps."—"Married! pshaw," cried Lloyd. "No, sir, I am going there to examine some ancient monuments."—"Well, that is odd, too; you are a stone-mason, mayhap." Lloyd looked daggers at the hatter; and to prevent an explosion, I explained. "My friend is an antiquary, Mr. Stubbs, and finds pleasure in connecting past time with the present, by means of ancient monuments: if you choose to accompany us, it may open a new source of pleasure to you."—"Well, sir, if you think so, I shall be happy to go with you." By this time we were informed that the sexton was waiting below with the keys of the church, the landlord having sent for that functionary at the request of Lloyd. Such a formidable triumvirate, preceded by the sexton, was a sight not often seen in Drayton: many a pretty face was protruded from an open easement, to gaze upon us as we passed; and Stubbs waggishly observed, that there really was something worth seeing in the place. On our road to the church, we passed an ancient house, inclosed by a high

brick wall. "This looks like a prison," said the hatter. "A prison, sir," cried Lloyd, "it is the wall that surrounded the mansion of the Pagets, sir. This gateway was the entrance to the court-yard. You will, of course, make a sketch of it; and while you do so, I will turn to my notes, and give you its history." I agreed to this arrangement. Lloyd now mounted his hobby, and proceeded as follows:—"The Manor of Drayton is noticed in Domesday-Book; it was given by King Athelstan to the canons of St Paul's; they retained possession till the reign of Henry VIII., when it was taken from the church in the year 1547, and bestowed upon Sir William Paget, who was afterwards created Lord Paget, of Beudesert: he greatly enlarged the Mansion-house, and built the gateway you are now sketching. I have enclosed the drawing of the gateway; it is a pointed arch, between large octangular turrets; they are built of brick, and are in excellent preservation."—"Have the Pagets had it ever since?" asked Stubbs. "No, sir," replied Lloyd, "Lord Paget was deprived of it for a short time during the reign of Edward VI., but regained possession in that reign of Queen Mary. He was succeeded by his son Thomas, but on the attainder of that nobleman, in 1587, the manor was granted by Elizabeth to Sir Christopher Hutton, for his life; it was afterwards leased to Lord Hunsdon, for twenty-one years, but restored to the Pagets in 1597. The last inhabitant was a gentleman named Copinger, of whom I shall have to speak when we enter the church." I had finished my sketch, and Lloyd his narration, when we entered the church-yard; unlike others, it was perfectly flat, the walks gravelled, and the grass-plots kept in order. On expressing my surprise at this circumstance, Lloyd informed us that the first Lord Paget could not endure a church-yard so near his mansion; he therefore obtained permission to exchange an acre of ground at the town's end for the church-yard, which he enclosed with a wall, but allowed the inhabitants free access to the church. This arrangement still continues, and hence the unusual appearance of this church-yard. In compliance with the wishes of Lloyd, I made a sketch of the church; the tower is built of flint and stone, and was originally embattled, but now so completely covered with ivy that no battlement can be distinguished. We entered the church by an open porch formed of wood, projecting a considerable distance from the walls. The church is dedicated to St. Martin; it consists of a nave, chancel, and side aisles; the windows are most of them in that style of Gothic architecture, called perpendicular; the roof of the nave is supported by pointed arches, springing from

octagonal piers: the font is curious, and is one of the most elegant in the county, as you will perceive from the annexed drawing. The upper part is divided into panels, in which are represented the crucifixion, a sculptor at work on some foliage, and our Lady of Pity; the remaining panels are filled with angels holding shields.



The chancel contains several monuments of the family of De Burgh. Lloyd expatiated at great length on the origin of the present family of that name. The lineal descendant of the justly celebrated Hubert De Burgh, Earl of Kent, and Lord Chief Justiciary, in the reign of Henry III., was a lady named Eastor De Burgh, who was married to F. Coppinger, Esq.: this gentleman, by royal permission, took the name of De Burgh. A neat monument in the chancel records the death of Eastor De Burgh, in 1823, aged 82. On the south side of the chancel is a monument to Fysh De Burgh, who died in 1793; also, a monument to Rupert Billingsly, captain of the Royal George, who died in 1720. On the floor is a tomb, with a figure in brass of Dr. John Goode, a fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and an eminent physician; he died in 1581. There is a small tablet, recording a donation to the poor, by Lord Hundsen; it is on the north side of the chancel, near the altar. There are other monuments in the church, but not of sufficient importance to interest your readers. Lloyd would have sent you an article sufficiently long to have occupied

three numbers of the *Mirror*, which I have taken the liberty to abbreviate; but enough is told to show that Drayton has been a place of some importance, and well worth a visit by tourists on the railroad. We returned to the Drayton railroad-station at five o'clock. In a short time the shriek of the engine proclaimed its approach; we again paid our fare, took our seats, and within twenty minutes were at Paddington, fourteen miles and a half from Drayton. We parted with our friend Stubbs at Paddington, who boasted that he had learned and heard that day more than he ever knew before; and that no one that lived in the borough of Southwark would believe that ever he should be so odd, to go for to travel so many miles out of town by the railroad, to go to church on a week-day. N. W.

## The Naturalist.

### BOTANY.—IV.

#### Roots of Plants.

WE noticed, in our last paper on this subject, several particulars in which earths are suited to the roots of plants. We shall say a few words on some of the different *kinds* of earth.

1. *Alumina*. This earth is clay, purified from the oxide of iron, with which it is generally mixed; and to which it is indebted for its yellow colour. It is smooth, unctuous, and very tenacious. If a soil, in our cold climate, contain a greater proportion of clay than four parts in five, it is not fit for culture. 2. *Silex*. This is the chief ingredient in quartz, flint, rock-crystal, &c. In soil, it exists in the shape of sand. From its great hardness it will cut glass. Unmixed with other kinds of earth, it is not fit for plants; for it holds no water, and is driven away by the wind. 3. *Lime*. In a pure state, it would destroy the roots of plants; but its combination with carbonic acid renders it innocuous. Too much of it renders a soil unproductive.

Animal matters divide clay, and give tenacity to sand; and contribute to form a better sponge to retain the water than the soil alone. The plant called *trefoil* contains much sulphate of lime; and therefore it is thought of advantage to supply its roots with plaster of Paris. Some botanists are of opinion, that plants derive nourishment from the *earth*; and the fact that hyacinths are obliged to be put into the ground after flowering, would appear to confirm this opinion; but other facts go to prove that the plants derive nourishment from *air* and *water* alone. It cannot be denied, however, that the sensible properties of plants are affected by the soils in which they grow. The colour of some plants is affected by this circumstance; and culinary vegetables acquire a disagreeable flavour, from soils containing much animal

manure. Vines grown on volcanic soils, impart a peculiar pleasant taste to wine.

Salt is sometimes used to stimulate the roots of plants; on which account sea-weeds are employed as manure. Lime, in small quantities, is also used; for when water reaches it, it becomes hot; and thus promotes the growth of the roots. Lime is also sometimes employed to kill vermin and weeds; for the latter have a more delicate organization than other plants, and are therefore more easily destroyed.

Some plants insinuate their roots into clefts in the ground; and by their growth (which acts with amazing power) separate the most tenacious masses. This may be illustrated by the fact, that if water be added to a few dry peas, they become so much swelled as to exercise an expansive power of several hundred weight. It is in this way that the firmly-knit bones of the human skull are separated for anatomical purposes. The skull is filled with dry peas, and the interstices are filled up with water, and the swelling of the peas forces the bones asunder. Many plants, by their long roots, bind a loose soil together. Other plants at the sea-side, for instance, are calculated to bind together the sand, and make the soil firm. In the "Amulet" for 1830, there is an account of "The Irish Herculeum,"—a town which was overflowed by the sea, in consequence of the destruction of some plants which had bound the sand together, and formed a barrier against the sea. The name of the town was *Bannow*. The Dutch have made good use of such plants as these in forming dykes; and so also have the French, to prevent the sea gaining on that tract of land whence claret is procured. In New England, the inhabitants are obliged, by law, to plant beech-grass for this purpose.

The root is the part of plants which is chiefly used in medicine. It has a larger proportion of bark, in which the virtues of the plant reside. In beet-root, crystals of sugar may sometimes be seen with the naked eye. In France, beet-root is likely to yield sugar cheaper than the sugar-cane in the West Indies. Ale may be got from parsnips, and brandy from the root of couch-grass. Starch abounds in almost all herbaceous roots. Cassava contains a deadly poison in its raw state; but when boiled, it yields an abundance of farinaceous food, much used for bread within the tropics.

The most common position for the root of plants is at the base of the stem; from which it descends into the ground, gradually tapering to a point, and giving off, on all sides, irregular branches of a filamentous character. These branches are termed *fibrils*; and are chiefly composed of vessels and cellular tissue, covered with a skin called *epidermis*, except at the extremities, where the cellular tissue is exposed, and where are situated the absorb-

ents of the root, which we have already mentioned under the expressive term "*spongioles*." The structure of the main part of the root (called the *tap* or *caudex*) is very much like that of the stem, except that it has no pith, in that large division of plants called *dicotyledonous*. The greater proportion which the bark bears to the whole mass in the root than in the stem, is owing to its being kept moist by its underground position, which renders it more capable of distention. It is well seen in the carrot, where the bark is of a different colour from the rest of the root. Roots are seldom of a green colour, except when they appear above ground. Some plants have no descending *caudex*, or root-stem, and then the fibrils are given off from a flattened plate, as in the bulbs of hyacinths. Roots, however, may be developed from any part of the stem, or even of the branches, if subjected to a proper degree of moisture and shade. Some tropical plants constantly produce roots from their stems and branches; which roots descend into the ground, and become fixed, and thus support the branches, which are enabled to extend over a large tract of land. In fact, it appears that when the roots have reached the ground, the exposed portion assumes the character of a stem. The most celebrated example of this kind, is the *banyan tree* of the East Indies. A representation of it, with an elephant reposing in its shade, may be seen in Professor Henslow's compendious treatise on botany, in "Lardner's Cyclopædia." We are indebted to him for some of the preceding particulars, and shall occasionally return to his pages. The *maize*, the *mangrove*, and some exotic *fig-trees*, besides the roots by which they are terminated below, produce others from various parts of their stem, and these descend often from a considerable height, and penetrate the ground. These supernumerary roots have been called adventitious; and a very remarkable fact relating to them is, that they begin to enlarge in diameter only when their extremity has reached the soil, and extracts from it the materials of its growth.

It has been asserted that the root is so distinct from the stem, that the former is never capable of assuming the character of the latter. It is not uncommon, however, to find ash trees, which have grown on the stumps of pollard willows, and have sent their roots through the decayed wood into the ground; and when the willows have fallen to pieces, the exposed roots of the ash have become coated with a green bark, and have not appeared to differ in any respect from the trunk itself. Many roots are as capable of producing stems or branches, as we have seen that stems or branches are of producing roots. This is often the case with the white poplar; and there are some elms which throw up such

numerous suckers, as to injure the pasturage of meadows when planted in them. We must not, however, confound with roots *subterraneous stems*, which creep horizontally under ground, as in the plant called *Solomon's seal*. Their direction alone would almost always suffice to distinguish them; but there are other characters which we shall more particularly consider in our next paper, when we come to treat of "stems of plants." The subject is well treated in the "Elements of Botany," by M. Richard, of Paris; a work which we shall occasionally lay under contribution. It has been translated, and illustrated by numerous engravings, by Mr. Macgillivray, of Edinburgh, and also by Dr. Clinton, of Dublin.

The most important purpose which the root is destined to serve, is that of absorbing nutriment. But it is generally so placed, as to take firm hold of the ground, and thus enables the plant to maintain its position in one and the same spot during its life-time. There are, however, certain plants (such as the common *duck-weed*) which float on the surface of ponds, and the roots of which are suspended in the water, without ever reaching the bottom. There are some others of a still more remarkable nature. They are termed *air-plants*, for their roots cling closely to the branches of trees, and derive their nutriment from the moist atmosphere which perpetually haunts over a tropical forest. If these plants were placed with their roots in the ground, they would die. The roots of some of the aquatic plants to which we have referred, are furnished with appendages in the form of little membranous bladders, which are partly filled with air, and serve to float the plant, in order that it may be enabled to flower above the surface of the water. Most aquatic plants, however, (as the buck-bean, and water-lily,) have roots which, penetrating into the mud, attach them to the soil. Some plants, either wholly immersed in water, or floating on its surface, absorb nutriment by every part of their surface, instead of having a portion (called a root) specially devoted to that purpose. Other plants vegetate on rocks, (as *lichens*;) or on the walls, (as the common *wall-flower*, and *snap-dragon*;) or on the trunks of trees (as *ivy*, and most of the *mosses*.) The latter immerse their roots into the trunks, and appear to extract the materials of nutrition from them, and to live at their expense. They are therefore called *parasitic plants*; but it is not likely that they really extract nourishment from the other plants on which they grow.

If a branch of willow, or poplar, be cut off, and the ends immersed in the ground, the extremities will shoot out into fibres; and these will enlarge into roots, and fix the branch in the ground. It is on this property which the stems, and even the leaves, of

many vegetables possess, of giving rise to new roots, that the practice of propagating by slips is founded. There is a great resemblance in structure between the roots which a tree gives out in the earth, and the twigs which it spreads out in the air; the principal differences observed between them, depending on the difference of the media in which they are developed. Indeed, a young tree may be reversed, so as to have its branches immersed in the ground, and its roots spread out in the air, when it will accommodate itself to its new circumstances—the leaf-buds being converted into root-fibres, and the root-buds becoming leaves.

Plants are divided into *annual*, *biennial*, and *perennial*, according to the duration of their roots. Annual plants are those which are developed, produce fruit, and die, in the space of a single year; *wheat*, the *lark's-spur*, and the *poppy*, are familiar examples. Biennial plants are those which require two years for their perfect development; they commonly produce only leaves the first year, and die the second, after producing flowers and fruit; the *carrot*, and *fraglove*, may be mentioned as examples. Perennial plants are those which live and blossom through many successive seasons to an indefinite period, as *trees*, *shrubs*, and many herbaceous plants, such as *asparagus*. This division of plants, however, according to the duration of their roots, is liable to vary from the influence of different circumstances. It is not uncommon to see *annual* plants vegetate for two years, or even more, if placed in a soil which is favourable to them, and protected from cold. Thus *nigunnette*, which is an *annual* plant in this country, becomes *perennial* in the deserts of Egypt. On the other hand, *perennial* plants of Africa and America, sometimes become *annual* when transplanted into northern regions, as the *nasturtium*. The *castor-oil* plant, which forms a tree in Africa, lasts for only one year in our climate; but resumes its woody character, when it happens to be placed in a favourable situation. The term "*biennial*" is applied to any plant that is produced one year, and flowers another, provided it flowers but once, whether that event takes place the second year, as usual, or, from unfavourable circumstances, happens to be deferred to a subsequent year. This is the case with the tree-mallow, and with other plants when growing out of their natural soil or station. It is remarked by the celebrated Linnæus, that, however impervious with respect to cold such plants may be before they blossom, they perish the first winter after that event; nor can any artificial heat preserve them. This, no doubt, is to be attributed to the exhaustion of their vital energy by flowering. The fibres of the root, particularly those extremities which imbibe nourishment, are annual in



*all cases.* During the winter, the powers of the root lie dormant, and that is the proper season, therefore, for their transplantation. After they have begun to throw out new fibres, it is more or less dangerous to remove them; very young *annual* plants, however, as they form new fibres with great facility, bear transplantation pretty well at any time, provided they receive abundant supplies of water *by the leaves*, till the root has recovered itself. In the *turnip*, and sometimes the *parsnip* and *carrot*, part of the body of the root is bare, and above ground, partaking of the nature of a stem.

The fibres of the roots of grasses which grow in loose sand, are remarkably downy; perhaps for the purpose of fixing them more securely in so slippery a support, and to multiply the points of absorption where nourishment is so scarce. The roots of some parasitic plants are very strong, for the purpose of binding them so firmly to the branches of the trees on which they grow, as to defy the force of the winds. Creeping roots are very tenacious of life, for any part will grow. Hence those weeds that are furnished with them, are very difficult to root out.—N. R.

#### COINCIDENCES, OMENS, AND PRESENTIMENTS.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE is something so extraordinarily striking, and at times awful, in many of the circumstances which have been, as it were, the forerunners of others, either fatal in their consequences, or strangely analogous, that a partial account of them, and here and there a cursory examination into their causes and effects, becomes a matter of much curious investigation and research. What, for instance, are the thoughts that may arise on considering the circumstance of the falling of a large emerald out of the crown of George III., at his coronation, when we recollect that during his reign America was lost to us? What, when at the coronation of Charles X., Louis Philippe picked up the king's hat, which had fallen off? or, what, when at Napoleon's demise, we hear that the island of St. Helena was visited by one of the most violent hurricanes on record? The thoughts, we must confess, that arise from these corresponding circumstances, are of a very mixed character, and may, perhaps, baffle our attempts at analyzing them. We dare scarcely attribute the occurrences to a *direct* interference of Providence; in that case, we run the risk of being accused of superstition; nor do we feel exactly inclined to attribute them solely to *chance*; some, and indeed most of them, have turned out so exceedingly correct in their resemblance to what we may look upon as the original omen. All the Kings of England, whose consorts were of French origin, have

died violent deaths: Edward II., who had married Isabella, was murdered in Berkely Castle; Richard II., who had married the daughter of Charles VI., died at Pontefract Castle of a most cruel death; and Charles I., who had married Henrietta Maria, was beheaded. The females of the House of Brunswick, down to the unfortunate Princess Charlotte, have all either died of premature deaths, or have had miserable ends:—Charlotte Christina fell a victim to the ferocity of her husband, and died in childbirth in 1715; Sophia of Brunswick, died miserably after a confinement of forty years, in 1726; Augusta-Caroline perished in a very mysterious manner, it is supposed in Siberia; Elizabeth, was divorced from her husband, the King of Prussia, and was confined at Stettin; Carolina-Matilda, sister of George III., died miserably in the prime of life, in 1775; Princess Charlotte in 1817, and Caroline of Brunswick closes the dismal scene! More than twenty years before the execution of Maria Antoinette, her mother, Maria Theresa, was warned by Dr. Gassner that "there were crosses for all shoulders," long before there was the slightest suspicion that she would ever be united to a French prince.

These are remarkable coincidences. The extraordinary manner in which each individual of the first met his end, and all three under the same common circumstance, is sufficiently curious; and the striking similarity of tragic fate which attended only the females of the House of Brunswick, is, we must acknowledge, somewhat startling; as are also the ultimate ends of those of the House of Stuart, who were unfortunate enough to be called to the throne:—James I., of Scotland, was assassinated; James II. was killed by accident; James III. was murdered; James IV. was killed at Flodden; James V. died of grief; Henry, Lord Darnley, was murdered; Queen Mary was beheaded; James II. died in exile; and the Duke of Monmouth was beheaded. With regard to the last of the three coincidences I have mentioned above, some palpable sign seems to have existed on the countenance of the arch-duchess at the time of the prediction. It is well known that the features of Charles I. bore that peculiar stamp, which seems to have excited some latent fear, that his end might be an unfortunate one. Bernini, who was commissioned to make a bust of his majesty, from drawings by Vandyke, could not refrain from frequently expressing his conviction that the monarch was destined to a violent end, and always felt an aversion to prosecute his labour. Whilst the King was examining this bust, a hawk, with a partridge in its claws, flew over it, and dropped some blood on its neck, which was not permitted to be wiped off. We have Sir Walter Scott's testimony on perhaps, one of the strangest

of coincidences on record, viz. the prediction made to Josephine, that she would rise to the highest pitch of human grandeur, without ever being a *Queen*; which, in fact, was correct enough, for she rose to the imperial throne. Sir Walter says, in his "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," that it was many years before the actual occurrence took place, that he heard this prediction, which was communicated to him by a lady, an intimate acquaintance of Josephine's. It was moreover foretold, that she would die in an hospital: this part of the prophecy was likewise fulfilled, for she died at Malmaison, which formerly was an hospital. During the time Charles I. was on his trial before the Parliament, the head of his cane fell off, and rolled on the floor: this circumstance evidently affected the King at the time.

The presentiments or presages we must allow to be the mere work of chance; we are not justified in supposing these people endowed with a superhuman foresight;—it were impious to presume that such an attribute could ever be given to sinning mortal. The father of Napoleon, on his death-bed, exhorted his children to look to their brother for support and advancement; this seems to have been prophetic, but the father might already have discerned in his son the seeds of that domineering and ambitious spirit which afterwards governed his life, and for a time held in its grasp the destinies of half the civilized world. Henri IV., for a few days before his assassination, was tormented with the idea that his end was approaching; he knew no peace: "I am told I shall die in a coach," he frequently said to Sully, and the morning of his death he was observed to be peculiarly devout, so strong was his conviction of his approaching death.

H. M.

(To be continued.)

#### ROMAN VILLA.

THE remains of a Roman villa have recently been found on the estate of Mr. John Henry Shore, at Whatley, near Frome, Somersetshire. Earth to the depth of three feet has been removed, and a fine tessellated pavement uncovered, consisting, as it at present appears, of two rooms connected together; one of them being about thirty-two feet by twenty, and the other twenty-two feet by fourteen. The pavement is tolerably perfect, but has suffered damage in one part. The tesserae are very small, and of seven different colours. Some coins, and which are believed to be of the reign of Constantine, Roman pottery, and other curious antiquities, were dug up at the time the excavation was made. It is believed, from the appearance of the surrounding earth, that if the excavations were continued, further interesting discoveries would be made.

#### MILAN AND THE IRON CROWN.

THE foundation of the cathedral of Milan was laid by Visconti, the first Duke of Milan, June 13, 1386, yet no religious offices were performed in it till Oct. 16, 1684, when Pope Martin V. blessed the altar; the consecration of the church followed by Cardinal Borromeo. In architecture, as in sculpture, men of taste and science have established certain principles to prevent the arts being made the sport of fancy and caprice; yet, out of the most gross absurdities, effects are sometimes produced which have had a power over the imagination, and set established rules at defiance. Of this description is the architecture of the Cathedral of Milan; it resembles the ivory carving of a Chinese artist, and has the same reference to architecture; and its popularity is founded on the same principles—richness of ornament, and an endless profusion of laborious ingenuity.

A capricious Gothic style pervades the façade, made still more fantastical by its being blended with very corrupt Roman architecture. The exterior of the whole church is constructed of an imperfect white marble, encumbered beyond all example with sculptured ornaments, bas-reliefs, and bad statues, in countless numbers.

The sculpture in the cathedral partakes of every extravagance of fancy—prophets, as large as Gog and Magog in Guildhall, without the merit of their simplicity; bronzed doctors, and the beasts of Ezekiel, in a style equally distant from Grecian taste and common sense. The celebrated statue of St. Bartholomew has been admired for having his skin in his hand; but, for such novelties, few possess any great partiality; and the vain inscription of the artist—"Non me Praxiteles sed Marc' Finxit agrat." was never worse applied.

The plan of the church consists of a nave and four-side aisles, without projecting chapels to contract any part of the area. There are no less than fifty-two clustered pillars, which produce a very novel and striking effect. The choir is a little elevated, and has no screen to separate it from the body of the church, which, for the general effect, is a vast improvement.

The celebrated Iron Crown of the Lombard kings, with which the emperors of Germany are crowned, is a broad circle of gold, set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. It is composed of six equal pieces of beaten gold, connected together by close hinges; the jewels and embossed gold ornaments are set in a ground of blue and gold enamel, exhibiting an exact resemblance to the workmanship of the enamelled part of a gold ornament which once belonged to king Alfred, now in the Ashmolean Museum, certainly the most interesting relique of the olden day in that depository.



The crown is said to have been presented to the Greek emperor, Constantine, by his mother, St. Helen; and the sacred iron rim, from which it has its name, was to protect him in battle. The rim, now the most important part of this crown, is about three-eighths of an inch broad, and a tenth of an inch thick, attached round the inside of it, made of one of the nails\* used in the Crucifixion; and although this iron has now been exposed for more than fifteen hundred years, there is not a speck of rust upon it. This the person who exhibits the crown, calls the attention of the viewer to the fact as a permanent miracle.

An ornamented cross, deposited over an altar, closely shut up within folding doors of gilded brass, in the Cathedral of Monza, is the depository of this memorable relique. The exhibition is attended with some ceremony; and the cross, within an octagonal aperture, in the centre of which it is placed, is not usually taken down from its elevated situation to gratify common curiosity by a nearer view.

On the medals struck to commemorate the coronation of Napoleon and the Empress Josephine at Milan, as king and queen of Italy,† it is said, on the lower circle of the crown, is this inscription:—"Agilulfo, Gratia Dei, gloriosus Rex"—"Agilulfus, by the grace of God, glorious king;" but Duppa, who saw the crown in 1823, says nothing of any such inscription.

Napoleon, at Turin, on the 17th of June following, founded the Order of the Iron Crown.

\* Another of these nails is in the treasury of St Mark, at Venice, and one in the Church of the Benedictine Monastery at Catania, which, by its miraculous powers, prevented the destruction of that monastery on the overwhelming eruption of *Ætna*, in the year 1669, when the lava flowed around it, and left the edifice standing uninjured amid the liquid fire.

† On the 17th of March, 1805, a deputation from Milan brought to Napoleon the votes of the Italian people, praying him to accept the crown of Italy. On the 23d of the same month appeared a decree, fixing the coronation for the 23d of May. On March 21st, the constitutional statute declaring Napoleon king of Italy, was proclaimed at Milan; and on May 8th, the Emperor and Empress Josephine made their formal entry into that capital. The iron crown of the Lombard kings was, on the 23d, brought from Monza to Milan, and on the 26th, (not on the 23d, as appears erroneously on the medal struck for this occasion,) the coronation took place in the cathedral. After receiving at the foot of the altar from the cardinal, Archbishop Caprara, the ring, mantle, and sword, Napoleon gave the last to the Prince Eugene Beauharnois, thereby indicating that he at once constituted him his delegate and defender. Then, ascending to the altar, he took the iron crown, and placing it himself on his head, uttered in a loud voice, the words—"Dieu me la donne, gare à qui la touche."—"God gives it me, let him who touches it beware."

## New Books.

LORD LINDSAY'S TRAVELS.

Continued from page 206.

### Holy Land.

[We return to these truly interesting volumes; and find, as we advance with the author, a deep-toned sentiment, and an elevated and expansive religious feeling, seldom, we fear, to be found amongst the great and the wise of this world. The following, on drawing near the Holy City, is very beautiful.]

### Approach to Jerusalem.

Riding slowly on to Jerusalem, we met numbers of most picturesque-looking white-bearded old men, and many lovely children. One of them, particularly, a Russian boy, taking off his fur cap to return our salutation, with his flowing ringlets and sweet face, reminded me of one of Raphael's angels. We met many parties, too, of Turks, Armenians, and Greeks, pilgrimising—the former to Rachel's tomb, the latter to Bethlehem. Some saluted us with "Bon viaggio," and "Benvenuti Signori!" others with the emphatic "Salam," "Peace!" or by simply laying the hand on the heart in the graceful oriental fashion. It was delightful thus to be welcomed to the City of Peace by men of all creeds and countries, a sort of anticipation of the happy time when all nations will go up to worship One God at Jerusalem, and all will receive the welcome of the heart as well as the lip.

[Our readers will find in former volumes of the *Mirror* notices of the Holy City; but the impressions on various minds of the same heart stirring object is instructive, as showing the various emotions by which men are actuated, antiquarian zeal, poetic ardour, superstitious excitement, and religious joy.]

### Jerusalem.

Of Jerusalem I have but little to say; we took no cicerones. There is no mistaking the principal features of the scenery; Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, down which the brook Kedron still flows during the rainy season, and the Mount of Olives, are recognised at once; the Arab village Siloan represents Siloam, and the waters of Siloam still flow fast by the oracle of God. A grove of eight magnificent and very ancient olive-trees at the foot of the Mount, and near the bridge over the Kedron, is pointed out as the Garden of Gethsemane; occupying the very spot one's eyes would turn to, looking up from the page of Scripture.—It was the only monkish legend I listened to. Throughout the Holy Land we tried every spot pointed out as the scene of Scriptural events by the words of the Bible,

the only safe guide-book in this land of ignorance and superstition, where a locality has been assigned to every incident recorded in it—to the spot where the cock crew at Peter's denial of our Saviour, nay, to the house of Dives in the parable. Yet, while I question the truth, I would not impugn the poetry of some of these traditions, or deny that they add a peculiar and most thrilling interest to the scenes to which they are attached—*locus sancta*, indeed, when we think of them as shrines hallowed by the pilgrimages and the prayers of ages.

There is no spot (you will not now wonder at my saying so) at, or near Jerusalem, half so interesting as the Mount of Olives, and, on the other hand, from no other point is Jerusalem seen to such advantage. Oh! what a relief it was to quit its narrow, filthy, ill paved streets for that lovely hill, climbing it by the same rocky path, our Saviour and his faithful few so often trod, and resting on its brow as they did, when their divine instructor, looking down on Jerusalem in her glory, uttered those memorable prophecies of her fall, of his second Advent, and of the final Judgment, which we should ever brood over in our hearts as a warning voice, bidding us watch and be ready for his coming! Viewed from the Mount of Olives, like Cairo from the hills on the edge of the Eastern desert, Jerusalem is still a lovely, a majestic object; but her beauty is external only, and, like the bitter apples of Sodom, she is found full of rottenness within,—

“In Earth's dark circle once the precious gem  
Of Living Light—Oh, fallen Jerusalem!”

But her king, in his own good time, will raise her from the dust.

[The following passage is beautifully concluded:]

#### *The Valley of Megiddon.*

In about an hour and a quarter beyond Sepphoury, we reached the loftiest ridge between the plain of Esdraelon and the sea; the view on every side was superb—in front of us stretched the magnificent plain of Esdraelon, or Jezreel, so interesting in the annals of history past—and to come, for there, according to the Apocalypse, will be fought the last great battle of Megiddon: Mount Tabor was full in view; the snowy peaks of Mount Hermon rose in the distance, and at our feet lay Nazareth, embedded in its little vale like the infant Saviour in his mother's arms.

[Another interesting object, the sea of Galilee, is thus described:]

#### *Lake of Tiberias.*

We did not enter Tiberias, but pitched on the banks of the lake; the earthquake had left the town in ruins, its walls cast down to the ground, its towers split in two, and their

galleries and chambers laid open and yawning in mid air. We all bathed, and found it most refreshing. We spent a very pleasant afternoon and evening on the shore of this lovely lake—not, I hope, without thoughts of Him who dwelt on its banks and walked on its waves, and stilled them at his word, and whose will is still all-powerful to sustain us, when the winds wage war, and the waters rise against us, and faith, like Peter, sinks in the heart, even while it wishes to draw nigh to God, and we look around for help, and finding none, cry aloud, “Lord, save us, we perish!”—and then, and not till then, is the hand out-stretched, and the voice heard, that says to the winds, “Peace!” and to the sea, “Be still!” and there is a great calm, and the heart, like its emblem, recomposed to rest, Faith walks once more on the waters, hand in hand, and in communion with her Saviour.

Thoughtfully and peacefully passed that evening. A few hours' repose were very welcome after so many days' incessant march.

[An incidental illustration of the unerring truth of prophecy is given us in his Lordship's researches for cities which, by the divine fiat, had been consigned to oblivion and destruction, for unbelief.]

#### *Capernaum :—Chorazin :—Bethsaida.*

About an hour north of Tiberias, and at the bottom of a deep bay, unnoticed in the map, we entered the plain of Gennessareth, of which Josephus gives such a glowing description, nor do I think it overcharged. It is excessively fertile, but for the most part uncultivated; the waste parts are covered with the rankest vegetation, reeds, nebbek-trees, oleanders, honeysuckles, wild flowers, and splendid thistles in immense crops; I saw a stunted palm or two, and there are fig-trees, though I did not see them,—once they were numerous. A broad clear stream and innumerable rapid little rivulets cross the road. Medjdel, a wretched village, probably represents Magdala, the birthplace of Mary Magdalen, both names implying “tower,” in Arabic and Hebrew,—but of Capernaum no traces remain, not even, so far as I could ascertain by repeated inquiries, the memory of its name. Truly, indeed, has Capernaum been cast down to Hades—the grave of oblivion. I think it must have stood on the northern extremity of the plain, close to the sea; its position on the shore cannot be doubted,—it was also very near the mountain on which our Saviour preached his sermon, for, descending from it, he entered into Capernaum;—the hills to the south of the plain are very rugged and barren—no one would for a moment dream of climbing them for such a purpose as our Saviour had in view,—those that bound the plain to the west are too distant from the lake to answer the conditions,—while that to the north,

which we crossed on our road to the head of the lake, agrees with them in every point, the summit, an easy walk from the town, supposing it situated as I conceive it was, being perfectly smooth and covered with fine grass, though the sides are rocky.

Beyond this hill, in another small plain, flow several very copious streams of warm mineral waters, and there are extensive ruins of Roman baths and aqueducts. After traversing a succession of sloping meadows, and some of the finest thickets of oleander I ever saw, in full flower, we reached the head of the lake, in four hours after leaving Tiberias.

I could hear nothing of Chorazin and Bethsaida, though I named them to almost every one we met. Bethsaida, however, was discovered by Pococke in ruins, and called by the same name, rather out of this immediate district, but Chorazin ought to be somewhere hereabouts. Dr. Richardson was informed that both Chorazin and Capernaum were near, but in ruins—no one, however, that we met seemed to know anything about them. Some future traveller may be more fortunate in this interesting inquiry.

[The following paragraph is singular, considering the rickety tenure in which this feud land is held.]

#### *Ejection of the Turks from Holy Land.*

In our ride that afternoon, the old Sheikh pointed out many fine fields as his property; the land, he said, was very rich, and, if the English would but come and take possession of it, they would join heart and hand with them, and drive out the Turks with the sword. This feeling is almost universal among the villagers east of the Jordan, and no wonder, scorched as they are by that iron furnace—Egypt.

[This brief passage illustrates another incident in prophecy:—]

#### *Ammon.*

Such are the relics of ancient Ammon, or, rather, of Philadelphia, for no building there can boast of a prior date to that of the change of name.—It was a bright cheerful morning, but still the valley is a very dreary spot, even when the sun shines brightest. Vultures were garbaging on a camel, as we slowly rode back through the glen, and reascended the *akiba*, by which we approached it. Ammon is now quite deserted, except by the Bedouins, who water their flocks at its little river, descending to it by a Wady, nearly opposite the theatre, (in which Dr. Mac Lennan saw great herds and flocks, and, if I recollect right, considerable ruins,) and by the *akiba*. Reascending it, we met sheep and goats by thousands, and camels by hundreds, coming down to drink,—all in beautiful condition. How—let me again cite the

prophecy—how runs it?—"Ammon shall be a desolation!—Rabbah of the Ammonites . . . shall be a desolate heap!—I will make Rabbah a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching-place for flocks, and ye shall know that I am the Lord!"

[Our readers are doubtless familiar with the magnificent representation in Isaiah of the Redeemer coming out of Edom in garments dyed with the blood of vengeance. Lord L. thus describes

#### *Bozrah.]*

Next morning, passing numerous villages en route, though the whole country looks like a desert in the map, we encamped, after six hours' ride, among the ruins of Bozrah. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?—this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?"—"I, that publish righteousness, mighty to save!" At no place, during my tour, did I feel more vivid pleasure from the mere consciousness of being at it; ignorant of Arabic, and unaware of the great, though, perhaps, only temporary, political change, that, for the present, enables a Frank to visit these countries openly and without disguise, I had never supposed the possibility of visiting it;—yet there are few places so interesting, both to the admirer of sacred literature, and the student of history; for Bozrah, the northern capital of Arabia Provincia under the Romans, and the birth-place of the Emperor Philip, is yet more memorable, as dear A— will recollect, in the early annals of the Saracens, as the first town the arms of the Caliphs subdued in Syria; while every one must remember the sublime passage in which the name is introduced in Scripture, in prophetic reference to a period, now, perhaps, not very far distant.

Bozrah is now for the most part a heap of ruins, a most dreary spectacle: here and there the direction of a street or alley is discernible, but that is all; the modern inhabitants—a mere handful—are almost lost in the maze of ruins. Olive trees grew here within a few years, they told us—all extinct now, like the vines for which the Bozra of the Romans was famous.—And such, in the nineteenth century, and under Moslem rule, is the condition of a city which, even in the seventh century, at the time of its capture by the Saracens, was called by Calad "the market-place of Syria, Irak, (Mesopotamia), and the Hedjaz."—"For I have sworn by myself, saith the Lord of Hosts, that Bozrah shall become a desolation, a reproach, a waste, and a curse; and all the cities thereof shall be perpetual wastes!" And it is so.

### Topography.

#### THE STATE AND IMPORTANCE OF DOVER HARBOUR.

"No promontory, town, or haven, in Christendom, is so placed by nature and situation, both to gratify friends, and annoy enemies, as this town of Dover; no place is so settled to receive and deliver intelligence for all matters and actions in Europe, from time to time; no town is by nature so settled, either to allure intercourse by sea, or to train inhabitants by land, to make it great, fair, rich, and populous; nor is there in the whole circuit of this famous island any port, either in respect to security and defence, or of traffic or intercourse, more convenient, needful, or rather of necessity to be regarded, than this of Dover, situated on a promontory next fronting a puissant foreign king, and in the very straight, passage, and intercourse of almost all the shipping in Christendom.

"And if that our renowned king (Henry 8th), your majesty's father, found how necessary it was to make a haven at Dover (when Sandwich, Rye, Camber, and others, were good havens, and Calais also was then in his possession), and yet spared not to bestow, of his treasure, so great a mass, in building that pier, which then secured a probable means to perform the same; how much more is the same now needful, or rather of necessity, (those good havens being extremely decayed,) no safe harbour being left in all the coast almost between Portsmouth and Yarmouth. Seeing, then, it hath pleased God to give unto this realm such a situation for a port and town, as all Christendom hath not the like, and endowed the same with all commodities by land and sea, that can be wished, to make the harbour allure intercourse, and maintain inhabitants; and that the same once performed, must be advantageous to the revenue, and augment the welfare and riches of the realm in general; and both needful and necessary, as well for the succouring and protecting friends, as annoying and offending enemies, both in war and peace; methinks, there remaineth no other deliberation in this case, but how most sufficiently, and with greatest perfection possible, most speedily the same may be accomplished."

The above words are given in "a memorial presented to Queen Elizabeth, by Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight;" and quoted by Lieut. Worthington, in his "proposed plan for improving Dover Harbour," as given in the "Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal;" from which valuable work we extract the following quotation:—

"Before the pier was built out, there are men alive can remember that there was no banks or shelves of beach to be seen before

Dover, but all clean sea, between Archeliff tower and the Castle cliff.

"By experience it hath been always found, that as the pier was built out, so the banks of beach also began to grow, and lay farther out as the pier was farther built, and as the pier hath decayed, so these banks of beach also have been either scoured away, or driven farther in, and that those banks of beach never rest farther forth into the sea, than they are defended by the pier.

"Also it is found that the making of groins will ever encrease the quantity of beach, and the decay or pulling down those groins, doth also cause the same bank of beach to wear away, so far forth as the groins are built or taken away.

"Also it is found that the abundance of beach is so great as they cannot be stayed by any groins, but that they will fill the groins, and then go about them, holding on their course as the flood carries them.

"Also that there is no other entrance or haven mouth at this present, but such as the ebbing out of the sea water, and course of the river do keep open.

"It is also found by experience that the same mouth or entrance doth always grow nearer and nearer towards the town; and that in times past it hath grown so near, that by the violent rage of the sea, passing through the same, a part of the town itself hath been in danger to be overthrown.

"Also it is found, that the beach hath, and doth encrease still more and more, under and beyond the castle.

"Also that lately where five rods of bevin work had been made up of the broken pier, the beach is also grown out to the end thereof, and so growth down from thence lower and lower towards the town-ward.

"Also it is found that the great rocks that were sunken by king Henry VIII., do still lie there, and are not removed by any violence of sea, but by the wearing of them, or looseness of the ground under them, have sunk somewhat lower and lower.

"Also it is found that part of the pier standeth on a firm rock of chalk, and part on a soft soil.

"Also it is apparent at this present, that where the beach and ooze are incorporated together in a main shelf, it so retaineth the water inclosed within the same, towards the cliff, that there is ever a long-standing pool of water, twelve feet at least higher than the sea without at low water."—*Architects' Journal*.

#### DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, BEHEADED AT SALISBURY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Salisbury Journal* has furnished that paper with a most interesting account of the recent discovery of the mutilated remains of the celebrated Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, who was be-

headed in that city in 1483. History records that Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, the "cousin of Buckingham" of Shakspeare's immortal page, having failed in his plan of insurrection against Richard III., took refuge in the house of his servant Bannister, near Shrewsbury; that he was "by that wretch betrayed" into the hands of the King, then at Salisbury, and suffered death at that city without form of trial, according to the summary method of that age, by decollation and amputation of the right arm. Tradition assigns the court-yard of the Blue Boar Inn as the scene of this bloody tragedy. During the alterations and improvements which are still in progress at the Saracen's Head Inn, (which, there can be no doubt, formed part of the premises originally attached to the Blue Boar,) it became necessary to remove the brick flooring of one of the rooms, and dig to some depth. In the course of this operation, about eight inches below the surface of the soil, they came to a human skeleton. The place here indicated can only be a few yards, possibly feet, from the very spot where Buckingham suffered decapitation. The remains so discovered were evidently those of a human being, and the skeleton was complete, save that it wanted the head and right arm. The first impression on the mind of the landlord, Mr. Shucker, was, that the remains so discovered were those of some travelling pedlar who had been murdered in the house, and for secrecy buried on the spot. The absence of the arm, it seems, suggested the idea that such might possibly have been the vocation of the deceased, and they accounted for the non-appearance of the head by supposing that it had been cut off by the murderers, on finding that the grave that they had excavated was too small to contain the body. With this impression the landlord himself took up one of the ribs, and measuring it by his own, averred that the deceased must have been of large dimensions. The spinal column appeared completely imbedded in the clay; and on handling or taking up some of the detached vertebrae they crumbled into dust in their hands. As may be supposed, the whole remains were in a like friable condition; and acting on the impression that what was once the most high and puissant Prince Henry of Buckingham, was no other than a murdered pedlar, they actually, with their "dirty shovels," knocked about his "noble dust," and in a few minutes compounded it with the clay "whereto 'twas kin."—*Salopian Journal*, Sept. 1838.

\* A correspondent of the *Times* doubts the truth of the above statement; but he does not give one cogent reason that can shake its veracity. In all the histories of Salisbury, it is asserted, as a positive fact, that Buckingham was executed there; and there is a monument in the church of St. Thomas, which is generally supposed to be that of the Duke of Buckingham.

## PHENOMENA OF NATURE.

*Extraordinary Phenomenon.*—(From a correspondent.)—At half-past 7 o'clock, last Sunday evening, (Sept. 16, 1838), there was observed at St. Alban's, the sky being perfectly clear and starlight, a bright band of light, extending from about 20 degrees from the western horizon, to about 40 degrees from the eastern horizon. When this appearance was first noticed (which must have been within a few minutes after it became visible) the band of light was exactly vertical; it then moved very slowly about 35 degrees towards the south, where it remained stationary, till, in about a quarter of an hour, it had gradually disappeared. The band was nearly in a straight line, from which it deviated a little when it moved, and as wide as the distance between two of the well-known stars in the Great Bear. The northern edge was clearly defined, and very bright. The southern edge was shaded off. At the same time a thin column of light shot up about 20 degrees above the eastern horizon, in a line with the above-mentioned band of light. Shortly after their disappearance, the *Aurora Borealis* became very bright, and the coruscations later in the evening were singularly brilliant. The band of light and the *aurora* evidently originated from the same cause.

*Lunar Iris.*—This exceedingly rare phenomenon was witnessed on Sunday evening between 8 and 9 o'clock, at Charlton, in Kent, bearing N.W. by W., stretching across the horizon towards the nadir, obliquely bisecting the milky way at an angle of 45 degrees.

*Singular Tidal Phenomenon.*—The *Sandwich Islands Gazette*, of November, 18, 1837, gives an account of a remarkable tidal phenomenon, which had just occurred on the shore of the island. We shall lay before our readers the substance:—"Soon after six o'clock, on Tuesday evening, the sea fell very rapidly about eight feet, leaving several vessels aground. The weather was clear and pleasant; thermometer at 74° 5', barometer 30° 6'; fine breeze from the north-east, squally at intervals. The water, after remaining stationary a few seconds, rose again to the ordinary high-water mark, and at 6h. 40m. again receded four feet six inches perpendicularly, in 27 minutes; it then again rose to the same height as before, and fell again six feet three inches. The third time it rose four inches higher than before. After the fourth, all the ebb and flow, which had hitherto occupied about 28 minutes each, gradually diminished and varied in time, flowing in 10, and ebbing in 20 minutes. This continued during the night and part of Wednesday forenoon. The rapidity with which the water rose and fell varied considerably in different parts of the

harbour. At no time did the water rise above high-water mark. Towards midnight the wind subsided, and much rain fell, but there were no unusual atmospheric appearances, or trembling of the earth. The whole commotion appeared to be in the sea. The same phenomenon occurred at the islands in May, 1819, without any earthquake here or at the other islands. The reasons assigned at the moment for the strange tide, (says the editor,) were in themselves an endless excitement to risibility. Among the imaginations of the spectators, the most whimsical theories were devised, from whence to adduce a reasonable and sufficient explanation of the mystery. Volcanic disturbances at Hawaii, or in the vicinity of the islands at sea, as well as earthquakes, either at some part of this group, or in some adjacent island, may have been the 'why and the wherefore' of this tide. An earthquake may have been at the bottom of it, but that it was caused by the spouting of a large body of whales, by the sinking of a part of the foundation of the unfathomable ocean, or by other equally mysterious impulse, we must doubt. Similar phenomena, we are aware, have been witnessed at other places. We leave scientific speculators to probe the subject, abandoning the investigation of it ourselves, as well as the increase of our string of imaginations upon it, to other topics."

*Tremendous Waterspout at Kingscourt, County of Cavan.*—On Wednesday morning, (Sept. 12, 1838), about 5 o'clock, the village and neighbourhood of Kingscourt, county of Cavan, to the extent of four or five square miles, was visited, for upwards of six hours, by a tremendous waterspout, the most destructive in its consequences ever witnessed in this part of the country.

The village, being situated on the side of a mountain, with much difficulty resisted the overpowering torrent, which rolled from the heights with accumulated power; several houses were deserted by the inhabitants, and left a prey to the destroying element.

Cornicee, the seat of Mr. F. Pratt, was so completely and suddenly overwhelmed, that 20 men were required, knee-deep in the water, to keep out the flood from the parlour and drawing-room; and some valuable papers kept in an under apartment, were rescued by Mrs. Pratt, at the risk almost of personal safety.

#### ODE ON HUMAN LIFE.

(From the Chinese.)

In Spring, to wander o'er the earth, whose hues  
Are vivid with the fresh and fragrant flowers;  
In Summer's heat, o'er lilled pools to muse;  
To quaff the wine in Autumn's fading bowers;  
And when the snowy blast of Winter's strong,  
To listen to an ancient poet's song.  
At nights—the unexpected nights—to rest  
Until the unasked for morn' again uncloses;  
Such is a life of virtue! ah, how blest  
Year after year in calm succession flows!

*Asiatic Journal.*

#### HATCHING FOWLS BY ARTIFICIAL MEANS.

IN No. 913 of your journal, an interesting account of Mr. Worboys' mode of hatching chickens is given; I now transmit you another experiment. "Mr. B. Wetherall, of Lincoln, for many years an invalid, and spent the major part of his life on his sofa, being of a kind, placid temper, became extremely partial to animals. It happened one year that one of his cropper pigeons during incubation rejected one of its eggs; but determining that no part of the progeny of his favoured Fanny should be frustrated, he resolved to rear the egg himself. He accordingly took it into his own bosom, wrapped it up in flannel, and turned it night and day, watching over it with a mother's care. At length the eventful period arrived when the feathery wonder was to be ushered into the world. It tapped at first lightly at the shell, and its beak was soon peeping through the opening that it made. It was fed at first by Mr. Wetherall with bread and water from his mouth, and it thrived famously. The only peculiarity of the little animal was that its legs were a little bowed, so that its claws were turned inwards."

#### Anecdote Gallery.

##### THE ARABS.

(Continued from page 159.)

IN the beginning of the eleventh century, a short time after Persia had been conquered by Mahmoud, Sultan of Ghazna, a caravan, when crossing the great desert of Naubendigan, was plundered by the Arabs; and, among those who fell was the son of a widow, who, on learning his fate, set out for Ghazna, and demanded justice of the Sultan for the life of her son. Mahmoud having heard her complaint with attention, told her, that, Irac being far removed from his seat of Government, it was impossible to remedy every disorder which might happen at such a distance. "Why, then," said the widow, "dost thou conquer more than thou canst govern. Will not an account of this be required of thee at the Day of Judgment?" Mahmoud was not offended at the widow's reply; but, on the contrary, made her rich presents, and promised her speedy justice. He hastened immediately to Ispahan, and issued a proclamation, promising security in person and property, to all travellers through the desert; in consequence of which, many merchants came to Ispahan; but, when the caravan was ready to depart, they were surprised to find only a hundred soldiers appointed for their guard: upon the discovery of which, they represented to the sultan, that the robbers being so numerous and so bold, a thousand would not be sufficient. He, however, desired them to depart, with



assurance of perfect safety; having, in the mean time, privately given directions for a number of hampers of choice fruits to be poisoned. Before the caravan left Ispahan, he gave orders to the commander of the guard to halt in a certain place, where the Arabs generally made their attack, and there to unload the fruits, under pretence of drying them in the sun. On their arrival at the appointed rendezvous, they commenced unpacking the hampers; but, on the Arabs appearing, the guards, as they were ordered, fled. Nothing could be more tempting in those scorching deserts, than such cool and delicious fruits; and the Arabs knowing that the caravan might be soon overtaken, after allowing them to move on, commenced devouring the fruits, with so little moderation, that before they could discover the poison, it began to operate; and the whole of them perished on the spot. W. G. C.

### BONAPARTE'S COSTLY COSTUME.

MUCH has been the discussion of late, as to the cost of the dresses so recently displayed on the Coronations of our Lady Queen Victoria, of England, and of the Emperor of Germany, this month, at Milan; but these were surpassed by the ordinary appearances of the Emperor Napoleon, on state occasions, when attired in the full-dress uniform of a French general, as the following estimate, drawn from official sources, will testify:—

	£	s.	d.
Velvet embroidered suit, full-dress uniform	126	0	0
Half-boots, gold embroidery	6	0	0
Military hat, finest beaver	1	10	0
Diamond button, weight 277 carats, for hat	232,000	0	0
Sabre, the blade of best Damascus manufacture	10	0	0
Sabre hilt, a crocodile,* solid gold, weight, twenty-seven ounces	108	0	0
Diamond, called the Regent, in mouth of the crocodile	126,000	0	0
Diamonds, set as eyes in the crocodile	1,500	0	0
Epaulets, formed of the finest brilliants	30,000	0	0
Total cost	£397,741	10	0

Thus, on analyzing the above, it will appear the clothing, hat, and boots, including the gold embroidery, was only 133*l.* 10*s.*, leaving, on the score of ornament, the enormous plus of 397,608*l.*

\* In commemoration of Napoleon's campaign in Egypt, his most daring project, in which he was aided by the daring of the English, and the success which attended the military prowess of Sir Ralph Abercromby, at Alexandria, and Sir Sydney Smith, at St. Jean d'Acre, aided by the glorious achievement of the destruction of the French fleet, at the battle of the Nile, by that Napoleon of the seas, Lord Nelson. Napoleon was instigated to this project, because Alexander of Macedon, and Julius Cæsar, the two greatest warriors on record, had been there before him—he wasted his time to equal theirs; he followed in their track, as he did that of Hannibal over the Alps. B.

### The Public Journals.

#### ABSURDITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

To suppose that any one likes to hear your child cry, and you talk nonsense to it.

An honest, thriving, soap-boiler, imagines he has a talent for public speaking, commences orator, and cannot comprehend, after many a speech, why the government does not become better, nor why his business has become worse.

To call a man hospitable who indulges his vanity by displaying his service of plate to his rich neighbours frequently, but was never known to give a dinner to any one really in want of it.

The property of a *felo-de-se* is confiscated, so that for his vice and folly, an unoffending infant family may be rendered beggars, as well as orphans.

You subscribe yourself to a correspondent whom you care little for, or perhaps absolutely dislike, "Most truly Yours."

To lend money to a man whose friendship you are desirous to preserve.

To pronounce them the most pious who never absent themselves from church.

Not for the world would you miss the opera—and you do not understand one word of Italian, nor one word of music.

In a severe paroxysm of gout, you determine never to commit excess again.

To think for yourself, and declare your real opinions in every society you frequent.

To occupy the attention of a large company by the recital of an occurrence interesting to yourself alone.

Fasting on turbot and lobster-sauce.

To preach up sobriety to your children, and yet indulge in all manner of excess yourself.

To be passionate in your family, and expect them to be placid.

Not to flatter the weaknesses of every man from whom you want a favour.

The daughters of poor curates and farmers playing on the piano-forte, and reading French novels.

To expect your friends will remember you after you have thought proper to forget them.

To expect punctuality from an idle man.

To get up on a cold winter's morning to hunt a timid animal to death, and pronounce ourselves rational and benevolent beings.

To put out one's fire on a given day of the year though cold easterly winds should blow.

You have half-a-dozen children with different dispositions and capacities, and you give them all the same education.

Not to go to bed when you are sleepy, because it is not a certain hour.

To flatter yourself you are a poet because you can write verses.

People of exquisite sensibility, who cannot bear to see an animal put to death, showing

the utmost attention to the variety and abundance of their tables.

Men committing suicide to get rid of a short life, and its evils, which must necessarily terminate in a few years, and thus entering upon one which is to last for ever, and the evils of which they do not seem to take the wisest method of avoiding.

To live fifty years, and be surprised at anything.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

### The Gatherer.

*Banett de Sainte.*—More wrote a long poem in Anglo-Norman on the siege of Troy, in which he speaks of Homer as but a contemptible authority, and gives us a curious anecdote, for which we may look in vain elsewhere. "Homer," says he "was a wonderful poet; he wrote on the siege and destruction of Troy, and why it was deserted, and has never since been inhabited. But his book does not tell us the truth, for we know without any doubt, that he was born a hundred years after the great army was assembled, so that he certainly was not a witness of the events he describes. When he had finished his book, and it was brought to Athens, there was a wonderful contention about it. They were on the point of condemning him, and with reason, because he had made the gods fight with mortal men, and the goddesses in the same manner; and when they recited his book, many refused it on that account: but Homer was such a great poet, and had so much influence, that he ended by prevailing on them to receive his book as good authority."

In April, 1745, a wager for a very large sum of money was laid, that a Mr. Cooper Thornhill did not ride three times between his house at Stilton and Shoreditch, London, in 15 hours, a distance of 213 miles. He was allowed as many horses to do it with as he pleased. He accomplished the feat in 14 hours and a half, and, unquestionably, the state of the roads at the period being taken into account, it was a very remarkable performance. It will probably be under the estimate, including accidental delays from changes and casualties of passage through a long line of country, and those required for the purpose of refreshment, if we deduct an hour and a-half from the space actually spent in the saddle. This would make the rate a continuous speed of better than 21 miles an hour—probably as rapid travelling by animal conveyance as under similar circumstances and distance we should be able to match.—*Sporting Magazine.*

*Anecdote of Lord St. Vincent.*—While on his West Indian expedition there were some circumstances attending the procedure of a convoy to Europe on which the Ad-

miral wished to consult the different skippers. A signal was made to this effect: the masters of the merchantmen attended on board the flag-ship; he stated to them the motives which had influenced him to convene them, and requested their sentiments on the subject. Finding that each delivered his opinion as his respective interest dictated, the Admiral endeavoured to show the expediency of unanimity, but without effect; at which, much irritated, he hastily paced the deck, loudly snapping his fingers, singing with a voice of no common strength, "Sing tantararara, rogues all, rogues all; sing tantararara, rogues all;" and repeated it with such vehemence, that the masters, dreading some more impressive marks of the Admiral's displeasure, hastened into their boats and shoved off.—*United Service Journal.*

*Cigar Race.*—This variety of sporting may be new to some of our readers. The conditions are, the rider starts with a lighted cigar in his mouth, continues to smoke it during the race, and comes in with it lighted; much, of course, depends on the goodness of the cigar, but still more the tact of the smoker. If he does not ride fast enough, he loses the race that way; if he rides too fast, the air may either blow it out, or cause it to burn so fiercely, that it will be entirely consumed before he reaches the winning-post. The latest cigar race on record was run in December last at Kingston, Jamaica, mile heats. Time—the first heat, two minutes ten seconds; the second heat, two minutes twelve seconds. Climate and other circumstances considered, it must, in every sense of the expression, have been a smoking race.

October 1, 1553.—Queen Mary crowned at Westminster. "It was done royally." In the church Elizabeth whispered to Noailles, that the crown in her hands was very heavy. "Be patient," he said, "it will seem lighter when it is on your own head." The Earl of Devonshire was made one of the Knights of the Bath. The adjuration runs: "Almighty God give you the 'preiving' of all knighthood. You shall honour God above all things; you shall be steadfast in the faith of holy church, and the same maintain and defend to your power. You shall love your sovereign above all earthly creatures; and for your sovereign and sovereign's right and dignity, live and die. You shall defend widows, maidens, and orphans, in their right. You shall suffer no extortion as far forth as you may."

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